

Deserved

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Deserved

by [ardett](#)

Summary

George hurt Dream. So George and Dream talk about it in the morning. Without Sapnap.

Or Sapnap misses out on aftercare. It doesn't go well.

Notes

Welcome to the Sapnap sequel to Earned :) I know I promised this a little bit ago but in my

defense, this was actually pretty fast for me since it ended up just under 15k

If you're new to the series, you could probably read this solo but it's definitely intended as a direct sequel to Earned. What you need to know is that Dream had to use his safeword while George was punishing him and Sapnap, and afterwards only George and Dream talked about it.

If you read Earned a while ago, you may have missed me adding an Aftercare Special Chapter to the end of that work! So feel free to check that out if you'd like <3

ALSO this is a pretty important thing, I tagged everything and I typically don't include individual chapter trigger warnings (though please check the tags and make sure this is the fic for you), but I think it's important for me to note that in this chapter, there is what I would consider a dubious consent scene between Sapnap and Dream. I just wanted to bring it up since it's between two of the main characters. I promise they talk about it later on but it's a bit rough in the moment.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

When Sapnap wakes up, he's alone. He doesn't even process it for a moment, thinking he's in his own bed, until he opens bleary eyes to George's blue sheets.

The events from last night crash down on him.

George angry, Dream suffering, Dream dropping, all of them crying.

Where are his boyfriends? Are they together? Did Dream leave to go to his own room? Are they talking about last night?

Sapnap curls farther into a ball, wrapping the sheets around himself.

They probably don't want to see him yet. They're probably working through everything now and he'd only be in the way. Dream is the one who needs to be cared for. He's the one who went through a traumatic experience.

So why does Sapnap feel so bad?

He feels even worse when his first thought is that when he usually feels this bad, he goes to George to ask the other to take him out of his head. How sick is that? How messed up does he have to be to immediately want the thing that hurt Dream so badly for his own selfish reasons?

He just wants to hurt. To be hurt. To not have to worry about what other people think or feel about him, to have all his thoughts consumed by pain and then pleasure and then be told that somehow through all his selfishness he made George proud.

But now he can't think of those good times without thinking of how much pain Dream was in last night. Was Dream traumatized and scarred each time they indulged Sapnap's desires? How many times has Dream wanted to use the safeword while Sapnap was blissfully unaware?

He should have stopped it. He knew Dream was getting overwhelmed but he thought... he thought the punishment wasn't too bad. He thought Dream was just crying in a good way, not because he was dropping. George couldn't even see Dream's face. How could he be blamed? But Sapnap was holding Dream's hand. Sapnap was watching the tears stream down Dream's cheeks. And instead of helping him, Sapnap just let it go on. Instead of telling George they needed to stop, Sapnap put words in Dream's mouth. Each time Sapnap fed Dream the next sentence, he was extending his suffering.

It just assures Sapnap that he can't be trusted with his lovers' wants. He obviously doesn't know what they need, what could hurt them.

That's probably why George and Dream are having this talk without him. He doesn't need to be there. He shouldn't be allowed to make any more decisions about what they all do in the bedroom. He only knows how to put himself first.

Sapnap turns his face into the pillows, digs his nails into his stomach, and tries to go back to sleep.

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He doesn't sleep easy. He just tosses and turns in the sheets, hands wrapping the blanket in worse and worse knots. Eventually when he checks the clock again, an hour has passed.

He hopes that Dream and George are done talking because he can't stand to be alone in this room anymore. There's a dangerously cold and shaky feeling creeping up from his gut. He just hopes that they're happy to see him. Or at least not mad.

Sapnap worms his way out of the sheets and shivers as his feet touch the floor.

Should he wait? What if he walks in and Dream's still upset? What if seeing Sapnap reminds him of the part Sapnap played in his trauma?

But Sapnap needs them.

He... he just... He needs to be near them right now.

He wants to claw himself out of his skin and he's not stupid enough to think the feeling isn't subdrop. None of them really got the aftercare they should have last night. Usually there's praise and kisses for both of them. It's usually a slow crawl to sleep, a gentle drowsiness that comes after a hot bath or shower. Sapnap and Dream usually giggle late into the night until George grumbles at them to go to sleep.

Sapnap understands why that couldn't happen last night. It was clear that Dream just needed the experience to be over. He was drained. He barely wanted either of them to touch him, not after they both inflicted so much pain. Even now Sapnap winces as he remembers the way Dream whimpered when they dressed him. Dream was dead asleep in under five minutes but Sapnap was awake for hours.

It was better for Dream to fully stop, to let the night end where it did completely, but Sapnap needed that aftercare. He still needs it now.

But no... no, he doesn't. He doesn't. George is taking care of Dream. That should be enough for Sapnap.

His shivering has turned to trembling. Sapnap's hands tangle in his hair and pull. His foot taps on the ground.

Should he wait? He's dropping, he knows he is. He needs someone to hold him down, to make him feel real again. But what if they turn him away? What if they send him back to the bedroom alone? He— he—

Sapnap's on his feet before he knows it, the action almost involuntary as he's pulled towards his lovers. He doesn't let himself second guess as he finally heads towards the kitchen where he hopes Dream and George are.

The first thing he sees when he walks in is his boyfriends' hands locked together. The next thing he sees are two empty plates and a dirty pan in the sink.

There's relief that he played it right. He came after they reconciled, gave them the space they needed, let them talk it out between themselves without him. But in the back of his mind, there's a sinking feeling of abandonment. They really didn't need him after all. They didn't even wait for him to eat breakfast.

But he just plasters on a smile and croaks out, "Morning." They both glance up at him.

"Hey, baby," George whispers back, a faint smile playing across his lips.

"Morning, Sap," Dream responds. He looks more relaxed now. The tense line in his shoulders has

eased but Sapnap can see the way he tucked his leg underneath himself so he's resting on his calf instead of his bottom. Sapnap knows from personal experience that his skin has to still feel raw from last night. The sting is a feeling Sapnap usually savors but now it just serves to remind him how different him and Dream are.

Sapnap grabs himself a bowl of cereal so he doesn't have to wonder if George and Dream are going to try and hold his hand too. He takes a seat at the table. "Um, how are you... how are you feeling?" he asks Dream.

"A lot better," Dream sighs, his lips turning up at the corners. He tugs George's hand closer and presses a brief kiss to his knuckles. "We talked for a while this morning while you were asleep. I think I was just in a bad headspace even before we started. I mean, obviously I was nervous about the punishment but I've been worried all week about if you guys were mad at me because you couldn't go to Disney. That was just the tipping point."

Sapnap nods in understanding, not sure what else to say beyond, "S not your fault."

"Yeah, George told me," Dream laughs. "So I guess in some ways the punishment did help after all."

George flinches and both of them quiet. "Sorry," George mutters. Sapnap watches his hold on Dream's hand tighten. "It's just... a little too soon? I don't want to joke about something that actually hurt you. It's not happening again."

"Yeah, yeah, of course," Dream agrees. Sapnap's gaze darts between the two of them.

Not happening again. Got it. No more stuff like that in their sex life. It's not like Sapnap *needs* it anyway. He's had plenty of vanilla sex in his life and he'd much rather lose the BDSM side of their relationship than the two of them.

"We're going to take it easy for a bit. Definitely no sex until Dream heals, maybe longer if we want to be safe," George continues. "I don't want us to rush into things."

"Mm," Dream hums.

Sapnap nods again because what else is he meant to do? He agrees, of course. And even if he didn't, his opinion hardly matters. He just wants what they want. He wants George to feel in control and like he's treating them well. He wants Dream to be safe and comfortable. He can slot into whatever he needs to be, whatever they want him to be, to make sure those things happen.

He might like the pain but he doesn't need it. He needs them to be safe and happy. That's what matters to him.

"Alright, I'm probably going to do some editing today," Dream says as he stretches his arms above his head. Sapnap's heart lurches as Dream pushes his chair back.

"Wait, I—" Dream and George both send him concerned looks at his outburst. Sapnap curls in on himself but continues quietly, "Can't we all hang out? I'm—I'm almost done eating. I can finish really quick so... so we can..." He trails off as he sees George's face go blank.

"Sapnap, don't push Dream. Just let him—" George waves a hand at Dream, addressing his next statement to him. "If you need some time by yourself, Dream, you don't have to worry about us. Whatever you need."

"Oh, sorry, I didn't mean... I just wanted to hang out," Sapnap finishes lamely, looking down into

his half-eaten bowl of cereal. *I haven't seen either of you all morning*, he doesn't say. *You left me alone. I was scared last night too. I need you too. Please don't leave me again.*

"Well I really do have to do some work today. I wasn't just saying that to, you know, leave." Dream rolls back on the heels of his feet as he considers. Sapnap swallows down the lump in his throat. "I mean, if you just want to sit with me and do some work too, I guess you can. If you want to do that."

"Yeah, please," Sapnap says, maybe a touch too eagerly. "I'll just finish eating and then come to your room?"

"Sounds good. George, you want to come too?"

George shakes his head. "I think I'm just going to take some time to think, maybe nap. I didn't sleep super well."

Sapnap wilts a bit at hearing that George doesn't want to join them but he understands. He didn't sleep well either.

Dream and George both get up. Sapnap finishes his breakfast as fast as possible so he can get to Dream's room, not wanting to hear the painfully empty clink of his spoon against ceramic any longer than he has to.

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When he walks in with his laptop, Dream already has his headphones on. He gives Sapnap a wave. "I don't have another chair in here but you can just sit on my bed if you want," Dream extends.

Sapnap nods and gratefully settles down on Dream's sheets. As much as Sapnap wishes he could be cuddled up next to Dream, this is good enough for now.

They work in relative silence for maybe half an hour before Dream's constant shuffling starts to distract Sapnap. Every couple minutes, Dream will shift his weight from side to side. He'll tuck his leg underneath himself, then sit cross legged, then go back to how he was originally. Each movement comes with a slight grimace.

"Still hurts?" Sapnap asks, pushing his laptop screen down.

"Huh?" Dream blinks at him and then realizes what he's referencing. "Oh. Yeah, kind of. Just... unpleasant. I don't like thinking about it but I can't stop thinking about it cause it still... yeah, hurts, I guess."

Sapnap feels his mouth pull down in a frown. "Sorry. Usually remembering is supposed to be a part of the fun, you know?"

"Yeah, so fun," Dream drawls, rolling his eyes. It's lighthearted but still a little sharp.

"Do you want to ice it?"

Dream raises an eyebrow. "And then just sit on the ice? No thanks."

"What about some numbing lotion?" Sapnap suggests instead.

"Do we have that?"

Sapnap feels his face heat. "Yeah, I've... I've used it before after we've had sex. Sometimes."

“Oh. You’ve been hurt that bad the other times we had sex?” Dream turns to face him. He looks vaguely embarrassed, though it’s hard to attribute his fidgeting to nerves or to discomfort. “I’ve never felt like I had to use it before.”

Sapnap shrugs. “Yeah, but I... I like it. So it’s not... It wasn’t bad. Not like that.” There’s still something upset in Dream’s expression, like he doesn’t like to think of Sapnap being hurt even though that was the point. Sapnap tries to push through the awkwardness by offering, “Do you want me to grab it for you?”

“Yeah, that’d be great. Thanks, babe.”

Sapnap nods and runs off to get the lotion. He puts it on the corner of Dream’s desk as he walks back into the room. He hesitates before asking, “Do you want me to help you put it on?”

Dream hums as he picks up the tube. “Maybe. I don’t wanna do anything though. Is that okay?”

“No, no, I wasn’t—” Sapnap bites his bottom lip to stop it from wobbling. “I wasn’t trying to start anything. I can just help you put it on. I know we’re not doing that right now.”

“Kay.” Dream looks up to Sapnap. “Should I just...?” He gestures to Sapnap’s lap. After a bit of maneuvering, he situates himself over the other boy’s thighs. He gives his boyfriend a small smile and a nod.

Sapnap gently tugs his sweatpants down with his boxers so they’re both just under the curve of Dream’s ass. He puts some lotion on his hands and starts from the bottom dip of Dream’s spine, working the ointment methodically into his skin. He feels where the skin is still raised and swollen under his pressing fingertips.

“Sorry if it stings,” he whispers into Dream’s collar. “It’ll start working in a minute.”

Sapnap is only concentrating on putting on the lotion. God, George really did almost break skin, didn’t he? The belt was a lot for Dream. How long would they have gone if George didn’t stop them? Would Dream have actually started bleeding?

Sapnap ended up with ragged wrists after they tried cuffs for the first time, metal ones that Sapnap dug out from his closet. He remembers Dream spontaneously gifting him soft leather ones a few days later. Dream doesn’t like the sight of blood. What kind of fucked up person would, right?

Sapnap swallows and feels Dream’s cheek resting on the top of his head. The process would feel almost meditative if Dream could just stop squirming. First Sapnap thinks it’s the pain making the other fidget until he’s nearing the end and he feels something hard press into his hip.

He plans to just ignore it. Even though it’s not intended to be, he knows just touching there probably feels somewhat sexual. But then Dream grinds down and whimpers into his hair, “*Sap...*”

“I’m done!” he interrupts a decibel too loud. “Sorry, sorry. I’m done.” He’s not really but he’s close enough. He didn’t mean to get Dream worked up. He should have just let him put it on himself but he wanted to do something nice for his boyfriend, to be close to him after waking up alone. It was stupid. Another mistake he can add to the list.

He moves to pull Dream’s sweatpants back up but suddenly there’s a hand on his wrist. “Wait, can’t we...?” Dream whines, shifting again in Sapnap’s lap.

“Um—” Sapnap doesn’t know what to do with his hands. He doesn’t want to push Dream away, to tell him he’s unwanted. But he also doesn’t want to put his hands back on Dream’s hips and make

Dream thinks that he's implying anything. "I... I thought you didn't want to do anything," he whispers. His clenched fists stay at his sides.

"That was before. And now I'm turned on so can't we do something? It doesn't hurt anymore and you were literally kneading my ass." Dream leans down to leave kisses on Sapnap's neck. "Just something quick. We're obviously not going to have full sex."

The cold that's been in Sapnap's stomach since the morning turns from bearable to freezing. "I don't know if it's a good idea. George said—"

Dream groans and grinds into him again. "Sap, *come on*. George isn't even here, plus the no sex rule is so I don't get hurt, right? Well I'm giving you my full consent. Please?"

Sapnap hesitates. This is a part of taking care of Dream, right? Dream wants this. This would make Dream happier. This would make Dream feel better. Sapnap and George are both supposed to be taking care of Dream, protecting him. In a way, doesn't that mean that Sapnap should give in to what Dream wants, what Dream needs?

But George also said they should be taking it slow. This doesn't seem like what he meant. Didn't George and Dream talk about it this morning? Sapnap wasn't there, he wouldn't know. Maybe the decision was to let Dream take it at his own pace, in which case Sapnap should help Dream now. Shouldn't he?

Even if he doesn't really want to right now. Even if he feels like he's freezing over from the inside.

"Are you sure?" Sapnap checks in one last time. "Because I can just leave you alone for a little, whatever you need."

Dream must see the chinks in Sapnap's armor because he digs in. "I want it. I want you. You can touch me, Sapnap. Please," he begs. Sapnap cracks as Dream pulls his hand between his legs.

"Okay, Dreamie, okay. I've got you." So he lets Dream thrust up into his hands, running a thumb over the head the way he knows Dream likes. He lets Dream pant into the crook of his neck and then pull him into a messy, trembling kiss. He hears Dream gasp. Warmth spurts over his knuckles.

The other boy melts into him. Sapnap can feel Dream's chest moving against his own as he tries to catch his breath.

"Good puppy," Sapnap murmurs with a trace of laughter. He's mostly joking; George is the only one who calls them names seriously. They're both too soft on each other for that.

Dream giggles and props himself up. His hand trails from Sapnap's waist to the inside of his thighs. "Want me to help you out?"

"No, no, it's okay." Sapnap finally pushes Dream off, keeping the smile on his face even as it starts to hurt.

Dream's brow furrows. "Are you sure? I really can, I don't mind."

Sapnap shakes his head. "No, I don't..." He searches for an excuse other than outright saying that he doesn't want to. "I'm just like, still kind of tired, you know?"

"Alright, if you're sure." Dream gets up with a stretch as Sapnap nods. "I'm gonna go clean up in the bathroom real quick then."

As soon as Dream leaves the room, Sapnap's throat starts to close. He squeezes his eyes shut and tries to breathe but then his lungs spasm and his hands shake and and and—

A wet sob escapes him. He bolts to his feet before Dream comes back, running to his room and slamming the door behind him.

Keep it together, keep it together.

But he can't. He can't. He can't stop crying. He can't breathe.

George is going to be so mad. Again. For an actually good reason this time. He took advantage of Dream when he was vulnerable.

Breathe breathe breathe.

Sapnap manages a shuddering inhale and has just enough wherewithal to send a text to Dream saying that he left to take a nap. He doesn't want Dream to find him like this.

Dream will probably regret it in a few minutes. He'll think that Sapnap wanted that from him the whole time. He'll think the only reason Sapnap offered the lotion was so he could have Dream needy and begging in his lap. He'll wonder why Sapnap didn't push him off sooner. He'll know that Sapnap got exactly what he wanted.

And the sick part is that Sapnap didn't. He didn't want anything. He genuinely only wanted to help. He didn't even want to have sex. He didn't want to go that far. He didn't... he didn't even...

Why can't he stop crying?

Sapnap sinks to the floor, nearly hiding behind his bed. Eventually he finds air again. Guilt curdles inside him, enough to make him nauseous.

He has to tell George.

It hurts to picture George's face, the anger and disappointment he knows will be there, but he has to. George has to know. How else will George know the best way to protect Dream?

Sapnap squeezes his eyes shut.

What if George needs to protect Dream from him?

Fuck.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Things definitely get worse before they get better.

Chapter Notes

George gets mean :(

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sapnap doesn't know where the time goes but suddenly an hour has passed. He finally gets to his feet, swaying a bit as he glances at himself in the mirror. He looks tired but his tears have dried and his eyes aren't red anymore. No one should be able to tell he was crying.

He cracks his door and peers down the hallway. Dream's door is closed which means he's probably still editing. One good thing at least.

Sapnap pads out of his room and makes his way towards George's. He takes a steadying breath before knocking lightly.

"Yeah?" a groggy voice calls back to him.

"Can I...?" Sapnap pushes the door open and hears an answering hum.

George is propped up by his elbows but still under his covers. He scrubs a hand over his eyes.

"Hey, Sapnap. What's up?"

"Oh, sorry. Were you napping?" Sapnap toes the door closed behind himself anyway. He won't have the courage to come back if he doesn't do this now.

"Just a little but it's good that I'm getting up anyway." George swings his feet over the edge of his bed and stretches. After a few more seconds of Sapnap silently watching, he throws him a quizzical look. "Did you need—"

"I have to tell you something!" Sapnap blurts out. "I just— I..." He wrings his hands together.

"You're gonna be mad."

George tenses. There's a bite to his voice as he asks, "Well what is it?"

"Um, me and Dream, we..." His eyes bore holes into the ground as he admits, "We had sex. Not— not full sex. I just gave him a handjob. I know we weren't supposed to and we weren't going to but then, then he asked me and I—" *I didn't even really want to.* "I don't know what happened. I'm... I'm really sorry. I just wanted to tell you. To— to make sure you knew. I didn't want to keep secrets from you." He chances a glance up at George.

It's a mistake.

George's face is icy. Worse than not looking at Sapnap, he's staring directly at him. He lets out one long slow breath. Sapnap feels tears well again but this time with a terrifying witness.

"Sapnap, you understand why I asked you to do this, right? Why we all agreed that we would wait?" George is on his feet, beginning to pace. His voice is low, dangerous. "This isn't a fun experiment in abstinence for shits and giggles. It's not like I wasn't in the mood or something silly. It's because things were bad last night. Not just bad but actively traumatizing for Dream. For all of us. This is serious."

"I know, I wasn't—"

"Wasn't what?" George cuts him off with a raised eyebrow.

Sapnap swallows. "I wasn't trying to hurt him," he mumbles. "I understand why we made that rule. He just asked me and I... I didn't want to tell him no."

"I understand that Dream asked you for... whatever he asked you for. But he's in a weird headspace right now. We all are after last night. That's why we need to take it slow. To actually take a break." George stills in his pacing. "Do you really know for sure that Dream wanted to have sex and that he didn't just want you to think that he did?"

It's like a weight is dropped on Sapnap's chest. Voice almost too small to hear, he responds, "No."

George goes on, "What if he wanted to impress you? What if he wanted to make it up to you from last night?" The older boy sighs, running a hand through his hair. "I'm not blaming you and I'm not saying we can't trust Dream but... we have to take it slow. And that means that both of us need to be looking out for Dream right now and to try to do what's best for him. Not what's best for us and maybe not even what Dream thinks is best for himself. He said he wanted to keep going last night and he... he... *shit*."

George hides his face in his hands but Sapnap can hear him starting to cry. Sapnap can't help but go over to him. He wraps George in his arms, lets his delicate form curl against his chest.

Through hitching breaths, George says, "He told me this morning that he wanted to use the safeword in the middle. He wanted to use it so early on and I... I kept going. I hit him so many more times. I... We..." He pulls back to look Sapnap in the eye, cheeks still wet. "We can't trust his word to know if we're hurting him or not. Soon but... not right now. Okay?"

"Okay," Sapnap murmurs. He just holds George tighter and lets his tears soak into his collar.

They have to protect Dream. He understands.

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Dream is avoiding Sapnap. Which is funny because Sapnap is actually trying to avoid Dream. George's words stick with Sapnap, a warning.

It's been a couple days since then but Sapnap still can't think back on that moment without wondering if Dream even wanted what he asked for. Dream said he was giving Sapnap consent but...

The whole situation makes Sapnap feel sick. And there's no one he can talk to about it. He tried to talk to George but that hardly went well. He obviously can't talk to Dream. It's too personal to talk to any of their other friends about either.

He just misses them. Which is dumb because they literally live in the same house.

He doesn't know how things will get better until he passes the living room and catches Dream and George making out on the couch. He tries not to watch, not wanting to get caught. Usually he wouldn't mind. Usually he would invite himself between them. But today he only allows himself a few stolen moments to observe them, to see the way Dream flushes under George and pants into his mouth, the way George smiles against Dream's lips and uses his knees to pin Dream beneath himself.

Sapnap leaves before either of them have the chance to see him.

So that's where they stand now. Making out is okay again.

He wonders if his boyfriends talked about it, whether they were ready to take the next step together. He wonders whether Dream asked if they could do it without Sapnap there. Maybe he's realizing that they're not compatible. Maybe he doesn't know how much Sapnap is willing to sacrifice to be with them.

Maybe he's waiting for a good time to ask Sapnap to move out. It would make the break up easier, wouldn't it?

That's jumping to conclusions but Sapnap can't get himself out of the spiral he's sinking into as he thinks about how long they all waited to be together and how much it would hurt to have to leave after finally tasting everything he's ever wanted.

Sapnap just wants the chance to explain himself. So next time he passes Dream in the kitchen, he stops him with a, "Hey, can we... talk?"

Dream, who had been deliberately avoiding eye contact, pauses and turns to face Sapnap. "Oh, now you want to talk?" he scoffs.

"W-what?"

Dream crosses his arms and glares at the floor. "Whatever. Nevermind."

"Well, I..." Sapnap tries to collect himself after Dream's response, thrown off by his boyfriend's anger. He didn't expect this to go well necessarily but he would have thought Dream would be hurt, not mad. The thought of both of his lovers being angry at him makes his stomach flip. Still, he pushes through. "I wanted to apologize. I'm sorry for the other day."

"Okay," Dream mumbles, not looking up from the floor. Then, quieter, "Thanks." After a moment, he reaches for him but Sapnap flinches away. He doesn't want to make Dream any more uncomfortable than he already has.

"Um, I can... I can go. I can give you some space. I'm sure you don't want to— to hang out with me right now." Before Sapnap can take a step back, Dream grabs onto his wrist.

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"Huh? I— What?" Sapnap stammers, knocked off balance.

"Why are you leaving again?" Dream demands. "I thought you were trying to apologize."

"I am! I— I did." Sapnap doesn't understand what's happening so he tries again, "I'm sorry, Dream, really I am."

"Then make it better and stay." Dream's face morphs into a pout.

"But are you really comfortable with me being here with you?" Sapnap asks.

Dream's nose wrinkles. "What? Why wouldn't I be?"

Sapnap swallows and lowers his voice. The confession burns on the way up. "Because I needed to apologize for pushing you to have sex the other day when I was supposed to be taking care of you."

"What the fuck? Who told you that?" Sapnap almost responds but thinks better of it as Dream continues, "You don't need to apologize for getting me off. I told you I wanted to, Sapnap. But then you just left me there alone. I thought you were going to be there when I came out of the shower. I thought we were supposed to hang out. After everything that happened, I... it sucked being left by myself after that. It's not that I didn't want it or that I didn't have a good time but why'd you just leave me there?"

God, Sapnap didn't even think...

Of course Dream would be upset that Sapnap didn't stay afterwards. They basically skipped aftercare *again*. Sapnap knows exactly how that feels. He was so desperate to be close to Dream, to draw out any bit of time they could spend together. He was the one who asked to hang out in Dream's room in the first place. And then he left Dream as soon as he finished.

He tries not to think about how his boyfriends did the same thing to him and never apologized.

It's not like he needs an apology. What would they even really be apologizing for? Hurting his feelings after Dream literally had to use a safeword? God, he's pathetic.

"I—" Sapnap doesn't know what he's going to say. It's a relief when Dream cuts him off.

"And then you started avoiding me! Don't tell me you weren't, I know you were. I saw you when me and George were making out on the couch. You didn't even try to come over."

"I thought you were mad at me," Sapnap argues weakly.

"I was! But spending even less time with me wasn't helping. That's... that's not how it's going to be from now on, is it?" Dream suddenly sounds insecure. "Because I thought we were getting better. I told George that with everything that happened, I— I didn't want to take a break. Not from our relationship. That's the opposite of what would help."

And there it is again, the conversation Sapnap didn't get to hear rearing its head. Dream and George are on the same page. They got to say everything they needed to, to say what they wanted and what would help, and Sapnap is left to search in the dark for the answers and hope he doesn't hurt either of them along the way.

Sapnap just doesn't want to fight anymore. He just wants things to be better again.

"Dream, I'm sorry." He lets his hand slide down to Dream's so he can lace their fingers together. "I'm really sorry. I shouldn't have left you."

"It's okay." Dream tucks his head into Sapnap's neck. It's a little awkward since Dream is taller than him but he's always had a way of making himself smaller when he needs to. "Just don't do it again."

"I won't," Sapnap swears. "Do you want to spend time together now? We can just cuddle."

He feels Dream nod. He leads them over to the couch and lets Dream curl into his side. He doesn't realize he's fallen asleep until he rouses to the sound of creaking floorboards. He cracks his eyes open to see George watching them from the doorway.

His expression is unreadable but he nods at Sapnap before heading into the kitchen. Sapnap almost leaves to follow him but then he remembers his promise to Dream. No more running away.

It takes Dream another hour to wake up. Sapnap doesn't fall asleep again.

-

Sapnap finally finds time to spend with George the next day. It's just a small thing, bothering George while he's coding until he finally joins Sapnap on his bed.

"You're the worst, you know that?" George huffs as he hits Sapnap's chest. Their legs tangle together over George's sheets. "I was trying to work."

"Yeah, yeah, I don't care," Sapnap teases. "Like we're going to go broke if you don't finish coding that right now."

"Someone has to work in this house. Don't be a brat." George's eyes glint. Heat pools in Sapnap's belly.

A grin creeps onto Sapnap's face. "Who's gonna stop me?"

George's hands tighten on his hips, nail digging into his skin in a way that's deliciously painful. "Don't push your luck," George warns.

"What are you going to do about it? Going to shut me up?"

"Mm." George turns away and the tension dissipates. "Not right now."

"Okay." Sapnap doesn't press him. He spoons George's back instead, lets his hands stroke gently at his stomach. Just as drowsiness starts to set in, the other boy flips around again.

Sapnap gives a slow blink as George puts a hand on his cheek, thumbing at the fragile and purpling skin under his eyes. He tilts his head, or as much as he can while laying down. He notes, not harshly, "You look tired."

"I know," Sapnap whispers.

"Are you not getting enough sleep? I saw you napping with Dream yesterday."

Sapnap just shrugs, not wanting to explain that he didn't get much sleep then and hasn't slept well since everything that happened. It's part missing them, part guilt, and part pent up arousal that he hasn't been able to get rid of. It's not that he hasn't tried, just himself and his hand, but as soon as he opens his usual tabs, he finds himself closing them again. It's all collars and choking and begging and slaps to the face. Even as Sapnap feels himself getting turned on, it's so tainted by shame that he can't bring himself to finish.

He wonders if he was the only one who ever liked it. What if his boyfriends were only ever indulging him, putting themselves through a trial just to please Sapnap? What if George's feigned disinterest wasn't for fun humiliation but a genuine disgust? What Dream was tolerating it but

always unhappy, just a moment away from a safeword? What if this wasn't the first time they talked behind his back, laughing at how twisted Sapnap's preferences were?

Sapnap tries to convince himself it doesn't make sense. George has initiated scenes more than once. He clearly had practice acting as a dom before their relationship. Dream was the one who said he liked being called puppy after the third time they had sex. They all agreed to playing together like this. That's why they set up safewords in the first place. It's not like they didn't talk about it.

But still Sapnap wonders if he was too eager about it. If they could tell how much he wanted it and didn't want to deal with his disappointment.

His doubts are making him lose sleep. Sapnap's trying to be less selfish so he doesn't say that. He doesn't say anything.

"My baby," George murmurs. His hand trails under Sapnap's chin, tilting it up. "It's going to be better soon." He brushes his lips against Sapnap's forehead.

Sapnap clutches at his shirt and leans up to kiss him on the mouth.

George lets it go on for a few precious seconds before he pushes Sapnap away. He sighs and Sapnap flinches.

"Sorry," he apologizes immediately, even though he's not sure what for. He just wanted to kiss George. It was innocent. He doesn't think that they've kissed since Dream used his safeword. He hasn't kissed either of them actually since the morning after. He wanted the reassurance of a kiss, just a kiss. Plus he saw Dream and George making out so he thought it was okay now. He didn't think he was breaking any more unsaid rules.

George keeps a hand on his chest, stopping him from getting any closer. "Can't you just..." He makes a sound low in the back of his throat. Sapnap doesn't know what to call it but he knows it's angry. "Why can't you ever just leave it? Why can't you just relax?"

Sapnap shrinks in on himself. "I wasn't trying to—"

"But you are! I'm sure that's how it happened with Dream too. You start off small but one thing leads to another and then you're having sex while we're all still trying to recover." George sits up and Sapnap does too, not sure if he can even reach for George's hand at this point.

"George, please—"

"I'm sick of hearing your excuses, Sapnap!" George rages, hands in the air as he stands. "I thought things were getting better between you and Dream yesterday but I feel like at every turn you keep pushing me or him."

The air is starting to catch in Sapnap's lungs but he still stammers out, "But I— I saw you two kissing the other day so I just thought—"

George whirls on him, teeth bared, a growl in the back of his throat. "So you saw us kissing and thought you needed one too? I kissed you on the forehead for a reason but you can't seem to calm down for one second. You're just so— you're so selfish!"

Selfish.

The word rings in Sapnap's ears.

Selfish.

It's exactly what he feared the most. It's everything he's trying not to be. He can feel a panic attack creeping up his chest but wouldn't the most selfish thing be to demand George work him through an attack after he just crossed his boundaries? It hurts because it's the truth. It's not George's fault for saying it.

Vaguely he hears George telling him to get out. So he does.

He walks out of George's room. And then down the stairs. And then out the door. And down the street. And he doesn't stop for a long long time.

Chapter End Notes

okay okay I promise we get to the comfort in the next chapter <3

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Things finally come to light.

Chapter Notes

wow I'm honestly in shock at the amount of comments on the last chapter :O Thank you so much to everyone who has taken the time to read this and has taken the extra time to leave a kudos or comment! Sounds like everyone hates George which, okay yes I get it, but hopefully ya'll enjoy the talking and comfort coming in this chapter <3 (and because I'm me, a lil bit of angst still sprinkled in there)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sapnap doesn't find a park or a convenience store or anywhere that would offer a place to sit. Instead, when he feels like he's gone far enough, he just climbs over the highway guardrail and leans back against the post. The top of his head is probably still visible from the road but it's not a very busy one. No one stopped him so far anyway.

He takes one breath. And then it tumbles into another and another until he's hyperventilating. He hides his face between his knees, hands fisted in the grass. The air feels sharp and stale in his lungs. The sound of a car races too close behind him.

He doesn't belong here.

He doesn't belong in Florida. He doesn't belong in this city. He doesn't belong with them.

Selfish selfish selfish.

What if they never love him again? What if it's selfish of him to question their love, much less demand it of them? What if this kiss, this selfish kiss, is the last time he ever gets to touch them?

He can feel dew soaking into the back of his thighs. The cold follows. He shivers.

He wants to call someone, anyone. Karl would listen to him. Quackity might not answer right away but he'd call him back. Hell, Punz would probably pick him up off the side of whatever road it is he ended up on.

At least then maybe he could transfer the burden of himself to someone else for a little bit, give his boyfriends a break from constantly dealing with him.

Sapnap's knees creak as he stretches them out. He reaches trembling fingers into his back pocket and... he comes up empty.

He left his phone at home. Fuck. Of course he did. He knows he didn't grab it when he was running out. It's sitting exactly where he left it before he went to bother George, charging on the

kitchen table.

Could he walk to Punz's house? Does he ever know how to get to Punz's house from here?

That would be the brave thing to do. The *right* thing to do. But Sapnap's a coward.

So after thirty more minutes of catching his breath and feeling sorry for himself, he hauls himself to his feet and starts walking home.

-

He doesn't know what time it is when he opens the front door. All he knows is that he was walking in the dark for what felt like hours. He comes into the kitchen to see George sitting there, shoulders shaking, Sapnap's phone clutched in his hand.

Sapnap's shoes scuff on the floor and George whips around. "Oh my god." He drops Sapnap's phone on the table. He immediately goes to him, hands and eyes searching his body for any injury. "Jesus, Sapnap, where have you been?"

"Out," Sapnap croaks. "Just thought it would be better if I... left. I was going to go to Punz's for the night but I needed..." He goes for his phone but George pushes it away from him.

"No. What the hell? It's been hours, Sapnap. It's 2am! I'm not letting you go to Punz's."

"George, I— Can't you please just let me call him and go?" Sapnap begs. A shiver wracks through him again. George notices.

"No! You're obviously freezing cold and you're not in any state to be—"

"George," he pleads, voice starting to thicken with tears. He's going to cry. He knows he is but he doesn't know if he can in front of George, not after everything that happened. He turns on his heel, at least planning to hide in his room, but George grabs his wrist.

"Just... stay. You have to stay. I can't— You can't leave again." The last word wavers in the air between them, choked out on George's last breath.

Sapnap takes a slow inhale as his cheeks begin to wet. He doesn't turn back around as he asks, "Do you even want me here?"

It's not like Sapnap wants to leave. But it feels like the only option. The only one he has where he won't be accidentally hurting them and even him leaving is hurting them. He knows Dream wouldn't want him to go but George said it first: they have to do what's right to protect Dream.

"Of course I do, baby," George insists against reason. "Please," He pulls him closer, forcing Sapnap to face him, "please just stay. I love you."

"Even—" Sapnap swallows. He can taste salt at the corners of his mouth. He looks at the floor instead of his boyfriend. "Even though I keep messing up?"

George tilts his head, eyes sad as he drops Sapnap's wrist. "I didn't mean it like that."

Sapnap doesn't know how else *selfish* could be meant. The meaning is pretty clear. It just hurts because all he's been trying to do for the last week is try to be less selfish. But none of it mattered anyway.

Sapnap doesn't know how to respond, not sure if he's trying to defend himself or just arguing with

the truth, so he just nods and agrees, “Okay.” The tears keep dripping down his face.

“Okay?” George crouches so he can peer up into Sapnap’s expression. Sapnap cringes away. “Is that... You don’t have anything else you want to say to me?”

Sapnap bits the inside of his cheek and shakes his head. “I don’t want to fight,” he mutters.

“I don’t either but you really scared me tonight. You were gone for hours and— and the last thing I said to you was terrible. I want to tell you I’m sorry, alright? I shouldn’t have said it like that.”

Sapnap curls in on himself. “Okay,” he repeats. He’s desperate to leave, even just to go to his room if he can’t get to Punz’s, anything to not have this conversation.

“I don’t really feel like it’s okay,” George argues. His voice is getting harsher and it makes Sapnap’s stomach turn.

Sapnap feels pathetic as he snuffles and rubs at his eyes. The words come out as a mumble. “I don’t want to talk about it.”

“I feel like we should.” George’s glare bites into him. Sapnap doesn’t know what he wants from him.

“Can’t you and Dream just... decide?” Sapnap pleads. His hands clench and unclench at his sides. “And then you can actually tell me this time how I can be better.”

Indignation colors George’s tone. “What is that supposed to mean?”

“I just— I— I don’t know what the rules are.” Sapnap scrambles to explain himself. “I don’t know what I’m supposed to do and what’s allowed and I— I keep trying to guess but then you’re mad at me. I know you and Dream are going to talk anyway and I— I know I don’t have to be there but then I’m confused and I—”

“Stop, stop, wait.” George holds up a hand and Sapnap sucks in a breath. His voice is still frighteningly level as he asks, “Why are you saying this? Why would me and Dream talk behind your back?”

The crying has made his throat raw and the words scratch coming out. “Because you did! You— you both talked the morning after... everything. And I wasn’t there.”

After all this time holding it in, it feels good to finally say it. He wanted to be there. Maybe things would have been better if he was. Then maybe he wouldn’t be in this sick guessing game playing with his partners’ feelings.

“Well... yeah.” George gives him a confused look and Sapnap’s heart sinks. “I hurt Dream and obviously Dream used his safeword. We didn’t want to drag you out of bed to talk since you weren’t like... involved.”

Sapnap flinches. *Not involved*. His reasoning slips between his fingers in the face of George’s logic. He’s too used to always giving up to George in the end. As much as he likes to brat, he has always trusted George to know best. That’s the point after all. That George knows better. And George doesn’t think that he was involved.

His voice is small as he tries to protest, “But I... I was. I was there.”

“But you didn’t hurt him like I did,” George states.

“But I didn’t stop you.” Sapnap keeps going, not daring to make eye contact anymore. “And I— I liked it until Dream used his safeword. That’s fucked up. I’m fucked up. I hurt him too.”

“Obviously nothing that happened that night was your fault, Sap,” George sighs, like this conversation is too troublesome to continue. “How could it be?”

“I’ve always been the one who likes that kind of stuff. The masochism and— and whatever.” Sapnap twists his fingers together, still staring at the floor. “We started doing it because I liked it and Dream... Have either of you ever even enjoyed it?”

“Of course I did!” George says like it’s so obvious. “I agreed to it, didn’t I? I told you that I’ve dommed before. I wouldn’t do anything I didn’t want to. But you understand that’s a different thing than needing to take it slow now, right? We can get back to it later but for Dream, we have to —”

A fire finally flares in Sapnap’s gut. He’s taken responsibility for so much. He’s not denying any of that. But it’s not all his fault! He’s just so tired and upset and he’s been crying everyday and still he gets scolded by George when no one is even telling him what the new rules are!

“I know! I know, George,” he shouts. “I— I didn’t even want to have sex when Dream asked me the other day! I was just trying to make him happy because— because you said we had to look out for him but I didn’t want to have sex!” Sapnap cries.

The sound of glass shattering rends through the air.

Sapnap whirls and his eyes land on Dream. He stands frozen in the doorway, hand still poised to hold the cup he dropped on the floor. He must have been planning to fill it at the kitchen tap.

“What?” Dream stares at him, eyes wide and afraid, the word barely a whisper past his lips. “You... you didn’t...”

Sapnap’s heart breaks as he realizes what Dream must have heard. Something he’s barely even admitted to himself.

“Dream—” Sapnap begs, taking a step towards him, but Dream backs away.

“I... Did I...”

“Dream, it’s fine. I’m fine,” Sapnap placates, hands up like he’s soothing a wild animal. “I— I wanted it. Or I wanted to do it for you. I didn’t mind doing it, it wasn’t like that.” He tries to turn half-truths into honesty.

“That’s why you left afterwards, isn’t it?” Dream’s words start running into each other. “It was because I... I ra—”

“No! No, Dream, you didn’t! Don’t, don’t say that. I don’t want to think about it like that.” And that’s the absolute truth. He’s never thought of the situation like that, of Dream like that.

It was a mistake. They’ve both made a lot of mistakes in the last week and only some of them talked about it. That’s where these problems began.

Sapnap continues, “It’s just... I wasn’t expecting it. It wasn’t what we planned to do and I— I wasn’t there when you guys talked about boundaries and I was worried that George would be mad and then he was and—”

“I—” Dream’s hand is wrapped in his shirt, clenched over his heart. “I—” He takes another step and then winces with a pained squeak.

Sapnap looks down and sees blood dotting Dream’s foot, a piece of glass cutting into it. He looks up and sees Dream hyperventilating.

“Dream—” George starts towards him but Sapnap stops him.

“I’m the only one with shoes on,” he says as he pushes George away before turning to Dream. “Don’t move, okay? Just breathe. I’m coming to get you.”

He moves carefully as glass crunches under the soles of his shoes. Dream whimpers. He leans away from Sapnap but the pain keeps him locked in place, unable to take another step.

“I’m going to pick you up, okay?” Sapnap’s about to get his hands under Dream’s thighs when his boyfriend shakes his head.

“You— you shouldn’t have to take care of me. You’re both always taking care of me and I— I don’t deserve it when I—” Dream shudders and it turns into a wince. Sapnap can’t stand to see him hurting, not again.

“Can we talk about it after we bandage you up?” Sapnap pleads. “Just let me get you to the living room and then I swear we’ll talk about it.”

Dream finally nods and Sapnap hauls him up bridal style. He brings him to the couch where George is already waiting with the first aid kit from under the sink, knuckles white on the handle. Sapnap places Dream down and then eases the kit out of George’s grip.

As soon as Sapnap takes it, George deflates. He doesn’t even make it to one of their chairs, just sinks to the floor. Sapnap can hear his shaky breaths echo through the room as he cleans the cut on Dream’s foot in near silence.

He knows Dream has gone into himself too, the way he does sometimes when the stress is overwhelming. He hates that he’s the cause of it this time.

Once he wraps a bandage around his foot, Sapnap puts a hand on Dream’s cheek and asks, “Dream... baby, are you with us?”

He watches Dream’s face go from blank to crumpling in distress. He staggers a bit as Dream throws his arms around him, sobbing into his shoulder. “Sapnap, I’m so— I’m— Sap—” Sapnap rubs at his back, trying to calm him down. He’s not sure how well it’s working but Dream manages to string together, “I’m so sorry. Sap, I’m sorry. I should— I should never have pressured you like that and I understand if— if you don’t w-want to be with me anymore.”

Sapnap presses a kiss to the side of his head. “Dreamie, it wasn’t like that. I did want to make you feel good. It was... It was just complicated.”

“But then I yelled at you for it,” George intones. He’s hunched over on himself, eyes hidden behind his hair.

“I mean, you didn’t... you didn’t *yell* at me,” Sapnap tries to joke.

“Yelled, fought, reprimanded, whatever it was.” George scowls but it’s clearly directed at himself. “I yelled at you for something you didn’t even want and then told you it was your fault for hurting Dream.”

“That’s a little harsh—” Sapnap protests.

“You said that?” Dream cuts in. George just nods miserably. “Oh. I... That’s why you apologized like that the other day, isn’t it?”

“Right,” Sapnap affirms quietly.

“This whole time you’ve been trying to do the right thing and we’ve been ignoring you. *Hurting* you. I didn’t even let you kiss me without calling you selfish for it. I— I hurt you both so much.” George’s voice is rough and low, stricken with guilt.

“But I mean... you were right.” Sapnap shrugs, trying to look casual but it hurts to swallow. “I am selfish.”

“You’re not,” George insists, a desperate edge to his voice. “Sapnap, baby, you’re not selfish. I was wrong. I was lying. You’re not selfish.”

“But Dream—”

“I’m right here,” Dream interjects. “You guys have to trust me with some things. I know what I need. And I know I haven’t been proving that lately but I’m working at it and I’m going to do better. I am,” he says to both of them before turning his gaze to Sapnap. “It can’t be all about me, especially if it’s hurting you. You’re just as important as I am, Sapnap.”

Sapnap digs his nails into his own stomach. He almost doesn’t want to bring it up but at this point, it feels like everything is coming to light sooner or later.

“Then why did you leave me?”

“W-what? When?” Dream asks.

That morning still hangs around his neck, the ever tightening noose that’s finally cut off his air. Waking up alone, waiting for his lovers to return as the room seemed to grow darker and darker, colder and colder, until he realized that they weren’t coming back. Knowing that all the healing and recovery and talking happened without him there. And that they didn’t miss him.

“After... after you used your safeword. In the morning you and George left to talk about it and I... I wasn’t there. I...” He takes a deep breath and then finally says what he’s been thinking for the last week. “I should have been there. I should have been a part of that talk. Ever since then I’ve been trying to figure out what you said to each other and how I should act and how— how I should feel. You shouldn’t have left me.”

Dream’s face falls. “Oh. I didn’t... I didn’t realize. I didn’t even think... You’re right. You should have been there.”

Relief floods through Sapnap, relief that Dream heard him and understood. He knew he didn’t want to fight anymore and honestly, if Dream had argued with him, he might have just taken it silently and never mentioned it again. He’s spent so many days believing that these feelings of loneliness and loss were too selfish to speak of. But someone’s finally listening.

Dream goes on, “You had just as much a right to speak your mind as either of us and I’m sorry I didn’t make sure you could. I genuinely thought it was kinder to you to let you sleep in so you didn’t have to have that conversation with us. I know I was dreading it, even though we needed it. So I assumed... But you should have been there. We should have had this conversation last week, right after that night. And I’m sorry.”

George places a trembling hand on Sapnap's knees and whispers, "I'm sorry too. For everything. You've been so strong. This wasn't your fault."

Those last words break Sapnap. The guilt he's been holding onto starts to lift. That's all it takes for him to burst into tears. Ugly heaving gasps fill the living room. But Dream and George hold him close through it, never leaving his side.

Maybe this is the moment they all finally start to heal.

Chapter End Notes

Hope this chapter lived up to the expectations :D

What happens next, you ask? Literally the only reason this whole fic is rated Explicit ;)

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Now they have to put it into practice.

Chapter Notes

I haven't posted smut since 2019 so everyone has to be nice to me, it's the law

I mention it a bit in the beginning of this chapter but assume that they have been talking and healing together for like, a week before this chapter happens. also, none of this is probably best practices for recovery sex etc etc but I just kind of wanted to wrap up with this scene and this is all for funsies so hope ya'll enjoy <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It's another week—a week of house dinners and movie marathons and dates and filming fun videos and talking—another week before the three of them end up in the bedroom together again.

“One more check in before we start,” George says. He's sitting cross-legged on his bed while Sapnap sits in a chair and Dream stands. “How are you both feeling? Are we still feeling up to this?”

“I'm green,” Dream affirms. His body is wired with eagerness, hands twitching at his sides.

“Me too,” Sapnap agrees. He's a bit more hesitant, a nervous unease still swirling in his stomach, but he's ready. He missed them like this.

“Alright.” Sapnap watches George's eyes darken. His voice is lower as he orders, “Pup, come give me a kiss.”

Dream immediately bounds over to kiss him. George makes room for him between his legs but doesn't make any other move to make it easier on Dream, whose tall body has to fully crouch over to plant a kiss on George's lips. He lets it go on for a few seconds before he pushes Dream off and smirks, “Not there, puppy.”

Sapnap watches with a dry mouth as Dream sinks to his knees without protest. “Can I...?” he rasps. George nods and Dream reaches for the button on his pants.

“Ah ah,” George scolds. Dream pauses, hands clenched over George's thighs. “Puppies don't use their hands, do they?”

Dream shakes his head slowly. He stares at where George's cock is still hidden in his jeans, a pout forming on his face. He's clearly trying to figure out the best way to get his pants off but George is wearing too many layers for any reasonable options. He whines and turns pleading eyes to George.

“Aw, does the puppy need help?” George asks, tone dripping in pitiless sweetness. Dream nods,

whining again. Sapnap sits up straighter as George gestures to him. He feels the heaviness of both of their gazes. "Be a good boy and ask, then."

"S-Sap?" Dream's eyes are already glassy, no trace of reluctance or embarrassment in them, just need. "Can you help me?"

Before Sapnap can answer, George cuts in, "What do good boys say?"

"Please," Dream tacks on breathlessly. Arousal swirls in Sapnap's gut. He forgot how sweet Dream could be. "Can you help me please, Sapnap?"

"Good," George praises. He runs a hand through Dream's hair and the other boy preens into it. Normally Sapnap might draw it out, might tease Dream a bit more, but today he gives in easily. He makes his way over to the bed, about to sit when George orders, "No clothes on the bed."

Sapnap huffs, a fire partly driven by competitiveness and partly driven by passion lighting in his chest. He mutters, "You're wearing clothes though."

"Because I make the rules," George grins. His teeth are sharp. "Tell you what, Sappy. After you take care of yourself and puppy, then you can help me." George's hand trails down Dream's neck to the collar of his top. It's loose, one of Dream's larger pajama shirts, baggy enough for George to tug it off Dream's shoulder on one side. It almost exposes a nipple but not quite. George pinches it through the shirt and Dream gives a quiet moan. George doesn't address it and doesn't stop as he talks over him to Sapnap. "Doesn't that sound like a nice plan?"

Sapnap grumbles but does what he asks in the interest of moving things along. He doesn't bother to try and make it attractive, just throws his shirt in the corner and shucks off his pants. With Dream though, he's gentler.

"Can I take this off of you, pup?" he asks, playing with the sleeves of Dream's shirt as George's hand falls away. Dream nods and Sapnap eases the shirt over his head. He drags his fingernails over Dream's ribs just to hear his lungs tremble as he goes for his pants. Dream shuffles to help him and goes back to his knees once he's completely undressed. Sapnap turns to glare at George. "Can I get on the bed now?"

"And what about me?" George bats his eyelashes at him. "Don't forget what you came over here to do." Sapnap reaches for George's belt buckle before the other *tsks* in disappointment. "Ask nicely. Don't you wanna be good like puppy?"

"No," Sapnap scowls because he doesn't and he never has. He likes to fight. He likes when George puts him down. He likes when George forces him to listen.

But he's also noticed that George isn't calling him any names. Any of *his* names, not Dream's. Slut. Whore. Something just a little meaner than baby, meaner than puppy.

So when George insists, "Come on, Sappy, baby. Help out little puppy," Sapnap complies. He tries to be good like he's supposed to.

He grits his teeth and asks nicely, "Can I take your pants off, sir?"

"Mm," George hums. Sapnap leans over him, sliding out his belt. Before he pulls away, George whispers into his ear, "You don't have to call me that tonight, baby. It's okay."

Slow, Sapnap reminds himself. They're meant to be taking it slow. It still stings though. He tries not to feel like a scolded child and instead works on getting George's pants off.

George waves him away from his boxers and light shirt, finally letting Sapnap crawl up onto the bed with him. George kisses him before anything else, bruising and dominant. Sapnap only fights for control for a few seconds until George gets a hand in his hair. It's all over when George tugs *hard* and pushes his tongue into Sapnap's mouth as he whimpers. Sapnap's breathing is just barely labored when they pull apart. George glows with satisfaction.

"Now why don't you help puppy get his treat?"

Dream sits up on his haunches, already practically drooling as Sapnap draws George's cock out of his boxers. Sapnap strokes it a few times, letting George hiss at him when his dry hands catch, but it hardens anyway under his grip. Dream leans forward, tongue lolling out. At George's nod, Sapnap helps guide his cock into Dream's waiting mouth.

Dream moans as soon it begins to stretch his jaw. Sapnap hears George suck in a sharp breath. George guides each bob of Dream's head as wet gurgles fill the room.

Before Sapnap can feel too left out, George grabs a bottle of lube from the side table and tosses it at him. "Prep yourself," he orders.

Heat bubbles up Sapnap's chest, more ferocious this time. "Are you going to fuck me?"

George's eyes glitter. "If I feel like it. But I like my holes to be wet and ready for me when I do."

"What if I don't want to wait for you?" Sapnap pushes, testing how far George will let him go. How far he has to push before George pushes back. Dream hardly seems to be listening to them but Sapnap thinks he sees his hands curl around George's ankles.

"By all means then. Get off by yourself if that's what you want. But if you're not going to be a good boy and wait for me, then you can go back to your room and finish alone." It's an empty threat, one Sapnap wants to argue with. He wants George to make him stay, to force him to be here. He needs George to ground him.

He's feeling floaty. He doesn't think it's subspace but just... he feels... almost outside of his body. What's the word again? The feeling is barely there but every other blink seems to place him farther away. He knows what's causing it too. Yes, he likes to have sex and yes, he likes it rough but it's as much about the passion and intensity as it is about grounding himself in the moment.

What they don't tell you about sex is that it's so much work. It's checking in and knowing when and waiting for the other person to get to where he is and wondering if he's too heavy on top of them and arousal fluctuating and feeling too cold or too hot or too dry or too wet and and and—

The only way he can stop thinking about it is when something else demands his attention. The way his muscles strain against bonds, the way nails dig into his flesh, the way George's spit feels trailing down his cheek.

He doesn't even care that much about orgasming. He never really has. He just wants to be out of his head for a second.

"Sapnap?" Sapnap blinks at the hint of concern in George's voice. He comes back to himself. "Color? I didn't mean that, you know. I was just teasing, of course I'm not going to make you leave by yourself during our first time back together."

Sapnap shakes his head. "Yeah, no, I know. Sorry, I— I'm green. Just got distracted."

"Are you sure? We can take a break if you need to." George's hand comes up to cup Sapnap's

cheek and it just makes Sapnap dissociate (ah, that was the word) further. He takes a slow breath to settle himself. He notices that Dream's head is perched on George's knee, no longer sucking his cock though George's dick is still hard and glistening, guileless gaze fixed on Sapnap.

"I don't need a break," Sapnap says firmly. "I think our puppy should get back to work if you think you're going to try and fuck me. Doesn't look like you're ready for me yet, Georgie."

George gives him a nod and then turns to Dream again. "You heard him, puppy. Get back to work. Oh, and Sapnap—" The hand cupping his cheek turns to a bruising grip on his jaw. "Don't forget who gives the orders around here."

Sapnap's breaths falter and for a second all he can think about is the red mark forming under George's fingertips, branding his skin.

Then George lets him go and the moment passes.

Sapnap preps himself slowly, letting himself enjoy the view. Dream's eyes keep fluttering shut, like the taste of George along his tongue is all it takes to push him down. George does a good job staying composed, he always does, but Sapnap sees the way his hand clenches in Dream's hair each time the other boy takes him deeper.

Sapnap has only used two fingers when George pushes Dream off his cock with a sigh. "Okay, okay. Good job. Good boy. Check in?"

Dream whimpers but manages to rasp, "Green." His eyes are fuzzy. A bit of drool trails from his mouth. George wipes it with his thumb and then trails the pad over Dream's bottom lip, slipping it just behind his teeth to keep his jaw pried open while he pants.

Sapnap jolts as George glances over at him. "Baby? Are you prepped enough?" Sapnap nods. He hopes it burns. George beckons him closer. "Let me feel."

Sapnap swallows, knowing he's not prepped enough for George. He crawls over anyway, gaze fixed firmly on the bedsheets as George snakes a hand behind him and prods at his hole. His fingertips press in and Sapnap shudders, leaning his forehead against George's sharp collarbone.

George kisses his cheek. "Maybe a little more? It's been a while since our baby has been fucked, hasn't it?"

"M not a baby," Sapnap mutters but he doesn't argue with the other part. Dream is usually the one who bottoms out of the two of them. Sapnap can do either but recently George has taken to having Sapnap fuck Dream first so he can break him apart next.

"Alright, baby," George smirks, ignoring his protest. He curls his fingers up just as Sapnap is about to retaliate. Anything Sapnap was about to say comes out as a gasp. "Puppy, come finish prepping Sap."

It only takes a few more minutes of Dream stretching him open, long fingers too slow and too gentle, until George deems him ready. He puts the two of them where he wants them, Sapnap on his hands and knees and Dream before him, back against the headboard.

"Are you ready, Sapnap?" The head of George's cock brushes against Sapnap's hole but doesn't push in.

"Yes, yes," Sapnap groans, his own cock hard between his legs from the extra prep. "Come on, George!"

“Going to come on my dick like a good boy?” George snarls into his ear.

“Not if you don’t fucking start!”

“See, you are though, Sapnap. Do you know why?” He punctuates the last word with a sharp thrust in. Sapnap moans, feeling full and tight and floaty, barely registering George’s words until he says, “Because Dream’s not allowed to come until you do.”

“But—” Dream starts to protest. George doesn’t let him.

“Puppy, start touching yourself.” George thrusts again, this time hitting Sapnap’s prostate dead on. Pleasure surges through him, making it hard to think. “You can go as fast or as slow as you want but you can’t stop.”

Dream whines but wraps a hand around himself, each stroke featherlight. He must already be close from blowing George. Sapnap couldn’t see from the bed but he wouldn’t be surprised if Dream was rutting against George’s leg before. It’s how he got the nickname puppy after all, his tendency to hump either of them when he was feeling too pent up. It stuck because the first time George called him it, Dream came immediately.

Sapnap reaches his own hand down, planning to get himself there faster, when George stops him, nails digging into Sapnap’s wrist.

“Not you. You’re coming on my cock or not at all.”

“George—” He’s cut off with another thrust, this one feeling like it’s all the way to his stomach.

“I know you can be good, Sapnap,” George huffs. Sapnap chokes back another moan. “Just listen to me for once.”

Sapnap knows it’s possible. He’s come untouched before. George knows exactly where to hit him, exactly which spots make him shake, and it’s obvious that he hasn’t forgotten during their break. But he’s never done it like this, with nothing else to ground himself but the feeling of George inside of him. Even George’s nails biting into his skin help but it only lasts a few seconds before George lets him go again, leaving him to his own self-restraint.

Dream mewls above him, thumb ghosting over the head of his dick as precum oozes out. He keeps squirming. The harsh jerks of Sapnap and George set the bed rustling. Every so often, an especially hard thrust will have Sapnap’s cock drag across the sheets. It brings him closer and closer to the edge.

He just doesn’t know if it will be enough.

Dream gives a drawn out moan. Sapnap sees his thighs shaking. He makes pleading eye contact with Sapnap.

“George, harder,” Sapnap demands, arching back into him. George growls but listens, speeding up. Sapnap’s getting rug burn on his elbows. He tries to concentrate on that fiery ache.

“S-Sap, are you close?” Dream asks, voice barely a whisper. His hand squeezes desperately at the base of his cock before going back to painfully slow strokes.

Sapnap nods but demands to George, “*Harder.*”

George is fucking in and out of him with a fever, near animalistic. His hold on Sapnap’s hip is

harsh and unyielding, even as he hisses, “I’m not sure how much fucking harder I can go, Sapnap.”

Sapnap’s whole body is tense. He’s so close, right on the razor edge of too much and not enough. George pounds into his prostate but the pleasure isn’t enough.

“Please,” Dream begs. “Please, please, Sap, I can’t—I’m going to— George, Sap, please!” His hand is speeding up like he just can’t help himself. His voice borders on distress.

George said he had to come before Dream. If he doesn’t finish now, Dream will beat him to it. Dream will disobey George. Dream will disobey George again. It will be Sapnap’s fault.

He can’t let that happen. Things are too fragile now and Dream just needs him to— he just has to—

Sapnap’s hand flies to his mouth and he drives his teeth into the meaty flesh of his palm just below his thumb. He bites down hard enough to draw blood. And it hurts.

It hurts.

But the pain and the adrenaline and the coppery taste in his mouth wipe out every other thought. It’s what he needs to push him over, he’s right there, just one more thrust and—

Dream shrieks and everything stops.

“Dream?” George is at Dream’s side in an instant, a hand on his cheek trying to get Dream to look at him. Dream shakes his head, face hidden behind his hands. Like he had to shield himself away from something. “Dream, sweetie, talk to me, what happened?”

Sapnap’s can’t breathe, can’t think. The abruptness of George leaving him empty combined with the taste of red in his mouth leaves him reeling.

“S-Sapnap is bleeding,” Dream gasps.

George’s gaze swings to him and Sapnap shrinks. “Sapnap, let me see,” he demands. Regret sweeps through Sapnap like a flood. Fuck. “You’re hurt?”

“I...” Sapnap hides the bite mark futilely behind his back. He’s too confused and sick to think of a lie. He confesses, voice a failing breath, “It was on purpose.”

George only appears more concerned. Dream is clinging to him now, ducked behind his back. “You hurt yourself on purpose?”

“I— I didn’t— It wasn’t like that.” Shame boils in Sapnap, hot and fervent. “I was just trying to finish faster.”

“You’re bleeding,” Dream repeats, still not looking at him.

George holds out his hand more insistently. “Let me see.” He doesn’t leave room for a question this time.

Sapnap staves off tears as he puts his wrist in George’s awaiting palm, letting the other turn his hand over and examine it. Blood oozes out of teeth-shaped imprints. George’s expression flickers between worried and blank. Sapnap feels like he’s about to throw up.

George’s voice is level as he states, “You bit yourself.” Sapnap nods. He continues more intently, “You broke skin. That takes a lot of force.”

“It was just in the moment,” Sapnap whispers. “It didn’t hurt like that. It didn’t feel... *bad*.”

“What do you mean by that? Why did you do this to yourself?”

It’s the way George tenderly cradles his hand, kind and unjudging and trying so hard to understand, to be the better dom he promised to be, that makes Sapnap admit, “I needed it. I needed it to finish untouched like you wanted me to. I know I— I didn’t have to and I could have stopped us anytime I wanted but I didn’t want to stop. I needed the pain though. I... I always need it. I know that’s kind of fucked up but the pain or— or the play we do helps ground me. I start to feel weird if I don’t have something I have to pay attention to. That I’m forced to pay attention to.” Sapnap’s voice drops. “And I couldn’t put Dream in a position where he was disobeying you again. I just couldn’t.”

George softens. He looks sad as he kisses Sapnap’s cheek. “I know, baby, I know. You try so hard to protect us, don’t you? Even when it comes to hurting yourself to do it.”

Sapnap fidgets. “We... we don’t have to stop. I’m okay to keep going if you two are.” He wants so badly for this night to go well. He feels like he ruined it. He can’t help but cling onto what had just been so good.

George hesitates and Dream pleads from behind him, “I... I can’t. I’m sorry. I’m really sorry. I want to but I can’t see you bleeding right now. It just reminds me too much of... I can’t see you bleeding. Maybe— maybe something else but I can’t do sex like this.”

Sapnap nods in understanding. “I would never want to hurt you. I’m sorry I always do,” he murmurs. He scrubs away the tears that have slipped out. Salt stings in his fresh wounds. Dream hums and Sapnap knows it’s meant as an acknowledgement, a forgiveness, a soft sound that says *I’m scared but it’s not your fault*.

“Stay here, okay?” George slides off the bed. “I’m going to get something to clean that.”

It’s a matter of seconds before he’s back, before Sapnap can even think of what else to say to Dream, with bandages and antibacterial cream. As George gently wraps the injury, he voices, “I have an idea. Neither of you have to say yes. None of us have to do this tonight or ever, if we don’t want to. But... it sounds like, to me, that we might still be interested in trying something else tonight. Maybe we can find a balance between what we all need.” Sapnap nods at George’s glance up. He sees Dream beginning to peek over George’s shoulder, the tension in his shoulders easing as Sapnap’s blood is cleared away. “How do you both feel about Dream being the one to top tonight? I’ll still be there giving orders, telling Dream when he can stop and start. And I was thinking that Dream could choke you.”

Heat bolts through Sapnap, his whole body going warm with the idea of that, of Dream’s huge hand around his neck, pressing down, his every breath in Dream’s power. He wants it.

George goes on, “I think it could be the medium between you getting what you need and Dream having a bit more control over the situation. Dream, you can choose how intense you want that part of the scene to be. How does that sound to everyone?”

“I— I’d like that. I really really like that.” Sapnap turns shy eyes to Dream. None of this is worth it at Dream’s expense. “If that’s something that you would be okay with.”

“I haven’t topped in a long time. What if I’m bad at it?” Dream breaks eye contact. “I... I don’t want to be bad. I want to be good.” He huddles down on himself, hands wrapped in the sheets and admits carefully, “I... I *need* to be good tonight.”

“You’re always good, puppy,” George insists, drawing a small smile from the other boy.

“The best puppy,” Sapnap agrees. “Also have you seen yourself?” He gestures at Dream’s dick and teases, “You’re like, huge. You’re bigger than George and you don’t even use it. Do you know how long I’ve wanted to be fucked by you?”

“Yeah?” Dream asks, finally crawling out from behind George.

“Yeah,” Sapnap repeats, smile softening.

He feels anticipation start coursing through him as Dream nods. “Okay, I— I want to do it. I want to try.”

Sapnap surges forward to kiss Dream, to feel him whimper into his mouth, to thank him for giving Sapnap another chance. In some ways he still feels selfish. They’re making all these accommodations for him, fitting the scene to his needs. But he also knows at some point, he has to trust them both to be honest with what they want. When he thinks about it, they’re already doing better. Dream stopped when he felt unsafe. Sapnap voiced his needs. George listened to both of them and everyone was involved in the final decision. There’s nowhere else Sapnap would want to be. He only wants to be here, with them.

Finally they pull apart, both their pupils blown from the kiss, and let George guide them into their positions.

Sapnap ends up on his back, vulnerable and splayed out, while Dream looms above him. He forgets how much body mass Dream has on him sometimes. He feels small in a way that makes his cock throb. George is beside them, hand resting possessively on Dream’s hip. He makes sure they’re both prepared, adding a bit more lube to Sapnap’s hole and slicking up Dream’s length.

“You’re gonna do what I say, right, puppy?” George presses his thumb to Dream’s slit and the other boy shudders. “You’re not just going to hump Sapnap like a naughty dog. You’re going to help me make him feel good and then I promise I’ll reward you. How does that sound?” Dream nods eagerly. “Alright. Check in with me?”

“Green!” Dream yips.

“Sapnap?” George asks.

“Green. And you, George?”

George smiles at him, leaving Dream for a moment to kiss Sapnap. He bites at Sapnap’s lip as he pulls away, not enough to draw blood but enough to ache. “I’m green. Thanks for asking.” George taps Dream’s ass. “Alright, puppy. What are you waiting for?”

Sapnap moans as soon as Dream presses into him. The stretch is intense, the pressure all consuming. It burns just enough as Dream’s cock catches on his rim. He loves it.

“Jesus, you’re tight,” Dream hisses.

“No, I’m really not. You’re just big.” Sapnap grins but his expression falters as Dream starts to pick up the pace. “God— fuck—” He feels his cock jump as Dream grazes over his prostate. “*Fuck.*”

“Does he feel good, puppy?” George whispers into Dream’s ear.

“Yes, yes,” Dream chants, his eyes fluttering. His next thrust makes the bed rock. Sapnap feels it up in his throat.

“Slower, pup, don’t rush.”

With a whine, Dream slows down. Sapnap feels each ridge of his cock as pushes in and out of his rim. He lets out a harsh breath.

“Don’t slow down,” Sapnap grumbles, trying to shove his hips down on Dream’s dick. He wants more, he always wants more.

“Brats should learn to shut up before someone makes them.” George’s eyes glint dangerously and Sapnap’s stomach turns. “Puppy, why don’t you show him what I mean?”

Dream’s gaze flickers nervously between the two of them. “Okay,” he breathes. He places a hand gently, too gently, against Sapnap’s neck before looking to George again for approval. “Like— like this?”

George puts a hand over Dream’s. Sapnap feels him press Dream’s fingertips into the side of his neck. It gets harder to breathe. The thought of both of their hands over his throat is heady. Sapnap could get drunk off it.

“Put pressure on the side of his neck, not the front so you don’t get his windpipe. Like this. Good. Sapnap, show Dream your safe signal,” George instructs. Sapnap taps the side of Dream’s wrist twice, deliberately. “Got it?” Dream nods. “Good boy.” The pressure abates and Sapnap sucks in a breath. The new air stings in his lungs. “I’ll tell you when to start again, puppy. Keep going.”

Dream’s thrusting, which had momentarily paused, picks up again. Sapnap lets the sensations surround him, the dull pulse in his cock in time with each hit of his prostate, the way the sheets between his shoulder blades are beginning to dampen with sweat, the overwhelmed tears beading at the corners of his eyes. He wants to stay in this moment forever, both of his lovers by his side, and he also desperately wants to finish and have the release he’s been waiting for.

Long fingers tighten around his neck again, cutting off blood flow, and Sapnap’s thoughts go static. Dream’s eyes look so green above him. He feels George run a hand down his ribs to soothe him as a shiver wracks through his body.

Dream’s grip eases. Sapnap blinks slowly. He thinks George says something but he’s not sure what. Dream starts fucking him faster, hard enough that Sapnap can’t stop tiny, “*Ah ah ah*,” from falling out of his mouth.

George’s soothing hand turns to nails running red trails down his chest. The bite of pain cuts through the haze. Sapnap’s mouth falls open and he would moan but Dream chokes him again and all Sapnap can do is gasp futilely for air.

Dream slips, eyes going wide as his hand presses down on Sapnap’s throat with half his body weight for just a second before he immediately corrects, apologies spilling out of him. But embarrassingly that’s all it takes for Sapnap to come, spilling white between the two of them with choked out pleas. The rush of it all, the lack of oxygen and sudden release and George’s nails digging into him, make Sapnap’s vision gray out for a moment. He lays there, trembling and foggy, until George’s voice breaks through.

“Sapnap? Are you good?” Sapnap holds a shaky thumbs up. He’s never fucking felt better. He wants to sink into the sweet honey thickness and stay there.

“Keep going,” he rasps. His voice is ruined. He’s never felt more satiated, more satisfied by being in pain.

“You heard him, puppy. Keep going.”

Dream whines but listens to George. The overstimulation hits Sapnap like a train, every inch of him feeling like an exposed nerve. He squeezes his eyes shut and lets out a harsh breath, relishing in the feeling of Dream using him.

It only takes a few more thrusts for Dream to beg, “George, George, I’m— Can I— Please, please, please—”

George kisses him as Dream cries. His thrusts falter. “Be my good boy and come.”

Dream finishes in Sapnap with a drawn out moan, curling over him and clutching at the sheets. As the aftershakes run through his body, Dream collapses beside him, sweat slicked body aligned with the curves of Sapnap’s.

“Put your tongues out,” George demands. Sapnap does, too exhausted to argue, and Dream is as eager as always, tongue lolling out as he turns his puppy eyes to George.

“Please,” he whispers and George comes with a groan, letting his come drip into both of their mouths. Sapnap swallows the bitter taste and then tugs George down with them, hiding in his chest as George laughs.

Dream props his head on Sapnap’s shoulder. “That was amazing. Holy shit. Did you guys have fun?”

“I had a great time. You were both perfect. So good for me.” Sapnap hears the sound of them kissing over his head. It makes his heart feel full.

Dream’s arms come around his waist. “Sapnap? Did... did you like it?”

Sapnap nods. It’s an understatement. He’s exhausted but quieter, into the shelter of George, he murmurs, “Missed you guys. Love you.”

“I love you too.” George kisses his cheek.

“I love you both!” Dream squeals, cuddling into Sapnap.

Sapnap lets himself enjoy the beautiful moment, the calm before George inevitably starts dragging them off to get clean. It’s been hard fought, hard won, but he knows they’ve earned this love. Now they get to keep it.

Chapter End Notes

and that's it! thank you so much for the support, it was such a blast to write this :D I couldn't help myself from including just a bit more angst in this chapter (please forgive George, he's trying his best) but we still got to the happy ending in the end <3 thank you!!

End Notes

thank you for all the love on Earned! I hope you enjoy this new work <3

If anyone has further suggestions for things I should tag, please do let me know!

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